

Nestling 'mid the foliage green,  
Golden thatch, and sunlit ivy  
Made a calm and lovely scene.

At the door there stood a matron,  
On whose furrowed brow the years  
With their weight of care and sorrow  
Marks had left of grief and tears.  
And the friars she greeted kindly,  
Welcomed them with simple grace,  
Answered gravely when they questioned  
Of the child with cherub face :

“ 'Tis my grandson, little Herman,  
He and I dwell here alone ;  
Enter, you may see him, Fathers.”  
Low her voice and sad its tone.

Sunk in silent thought they entered,  
Strange the feeling at each breast,  
As she drew a curtain back and  
Pointed to the boy at rest.  
More than human ! Like an angel's  
Was that brow of dazzling white,  
Framed in waves of golden hair that  
Formed an aureole of light.

For a space no word was spoken,  
Till one touched the child's still form—  
Started cold it was and icy,  
Coursed not there the life blood warm.

Gazed the monks upon the matron,  
Who thus answered doubts and fears :  
“ Far too pure he was and holy  
For this dreary vale of tears ;  
And his happy soul this morning,  
Up from earth to God hath flown.  
Blessed His name be now and ever !  
Hence I live for Him alone.”